

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

Rules for Young Writers.
1—Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and submit the pages.
2—Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3—Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4—Original stories or letters only will be used.
5—Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY.

BLOSSOMS THREE.
I've found a garden of blossoms three—
Dorothy, Ruth and Marjorie!
Three little flowers so sweet and rare,
They scatter love's perfume everywhere!

Dear little blossoms these blossoms are,
Blossoms of the garden of life,
No moon-beam can ever reveal an eye
Holding more joy to the passerby.

Dear little blossoms they are three—
Dorothy, Ruth and Marjorie!
One never knows just what they will be,
Opposite who wander off Earth's far way
Could not be blest with more carefree
days.

Now they are out by the daffodils
Weaving a wreath for the queen of May
A baby friend in the garden of life
Who's not so far from where she lives
at!

But days come, too, when the blossoms
Three
Wonder indeed why such days should
be
These rainy days when the dark sky
sours
Watery boys that look them indoors!

There by the window they watch and
wait
Old Sun's return through the garden gate.
Then out they scamper—sweet Blossoms
Three—
Dorothy, Ruth and Marjorie!
By William Henshaw in Indianapolis News.

MY OLD DAD.

My mother's just the sweetest
A fellow ever had;
I love her more than here's a tip
To my old dad.

My Dad can sharpen pencils
And mend a broken shoe.
Known every snail and rabbit hole,
And lets me sit up late at night.
Dad's got the movie camera—
And when I looked him down
He said, "My son, just keep it down,
And we'll keep the picture down."
And Dad, he never whips me,
Leaves that for Ma to do—
Says he hasn't quite forgot
When he was little too.
My mother's just the sweetest
A fellow ever had;
I love her more than here's a tip
To my old dad!

Phoebe Fabian Lecky, Jr. Atlanta Constitution.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Many of the Wide-Awakes have written about their pets. Many of them have a dog, a cat, a rabbit, and they take great pleasure with them. Some people have animals but there aren't many who, with only a small income, are inclined to spend a large part of it upon pet creatures that would be attractive to most folks. Yet that is just what a brother and sister are doing out in Missouri, and it isn't just a passing fancy but a fixed habit. They have been following for 25 years. The brother earns the money and the sister takes care of the home and the pets. Think of having ten dogs, twice as many cats, and two parrots and yet it is for the most part a happy family. They appreciate the care that is given them and the brother and sister were conversant in seeing that they have a place for shelter from storm and cold and enough to eat, and considering that many of them were waiting for the street and those that had been neglected. It means a happy haven for them. Some of the animals that have lived in the home are buried in the garden and around the grave of one of them there is a stone border. That is because the dog saved the life of the sister when a big rattlesnake was about to strike her. The dog nipped the snake and saved the sister's life. The sister was blind and was cared for for many years. Also one of the cats saved the life of the sister when the fumes of gas filled the house coming from a leaky gas jet. The cat meowed in vain and finally leaped upon the bed and scratched the sister till she was awake. These and many other instances show how thoroughly the Wide-Awakes appreciate the animals that are given them. Kindness to animals is a virtue that should be cultivated at all times.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Beth E. Spaulding, of Danvers—The Camp Fire Girls on the Farm.
2—Amelia Langer, of Danvers—The Camp Fire Girls at the Seashore.
3—Marjorie Graham, of Danvers—Black Rock.
4—Lillian Carter, of Glasgow—The Bobby Twins in Washington.
5—Victoria Flagg, of Leyden—The Camp Fire Girls on the March.
6—Lucy Dugas, of Vermont—The Camp Fire Girls in the Woods.
7—Anna Robinson, of Norwich—The Camp Fire Girls at the Seashore.
8—Hortense Phillips, of Lisbon—Little Paddy's Cousin Grace.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ida Walsh, of Plainfield—I enjoyed reading the book you sent me very much and thank you very much for it.
Ida Winkler, of Colchester—I received the prize book you sent me entitled The Camp Fire Girls at the Seashore and I am thinking you very much for it. It was a surprise to me, because I got it the day I was going to graduate.
Lillian Anderson, of Brooklyn—I am very late in sending my thanks for the prize book entitled The Camp Fire Girls on the March. Although I had read that book before and all the others in the series, I enjoyed reading it very much.
Miriam Shapiro, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the prize book I received from you entitled The Camp Fire Girls on the March. I read it and found it very interesting.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

In India there was a wonderful fountain west of the Indian Island.
They said if an old man went there he would grow young again.
Ponce De Leon, Spanish, tried to find the magic fountain, but he thought it would be fine to be a boy again.
He did not find the fountain, and no life grew from the fountain, and he died a very old man. But in 1913 he found a bright and flowery land he called Florida. He took possession of it for Spain.
The next year another Spanish named Balboa set out to explore the island of Panama.
One day Balboa climbed up to the top of a high hill. He discovered that gold, the greatest treasure on the globe.

precious burden almost home, then he suddenly remembered that mamma had complained of their being too many trees about the house.

"I will take it to Miss Mary," he said to himself, and soon afterward he appeared at that lady's door and informed her that he had a tree to plant in her yard.

Jamie took a spade from the shed and planted the wilted seedling in the front of Miss Mary's sitting room window.

"In ten years it will give a beautiful shade," said Miss Mary.

"Ten years!" cried Jamie in dismay. "Perhaps there will be a bird's nest."

Jamie called to his father, who was passing: "O, papa, come and see, but don't step on the bird's nest!"

"Where is it?" asked papa, stepping back quickly.

"It's going to be one in the maple tree."

"What maple tree?"

Jamie looked reproachfully at his father. "Hush, papa! It's under the umbrella—just asleep!"

HELEN JOHNSON, North Stonington.

An Ambitious Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first time I ever wrote a story to the Wide-Awakes. I am writing about the Ambitious Boy.

Once there lived in Missouri a boy with a discouraged father and an invalid mother. The boy was 12 years old and had just graduated from school. This boy always did all the work that was to be done at home and later tried to get work to do to make a little money. This he was doing, hoping that some day he would have enough to pay for his mother's expenses if she should want to go away to some hospital where she might be cured.

One day the boy was given a job as a delivery wagon. The wagon was very old and the boy was to take it to a very dangerous corner where many people have been injured and killed a wheel on the wagon became stuck so that he could not cross.

A little later while the boy was still trying to cross the track an engine came along at full speed, as it was late. The boy was on the wagon, trying to back out, and did not see the engine. The engineer saw the boy but it was too late and it knocked the boy off of the wagon and broke the wagon.

The boy was taken to the hospital and when his mother heard the news she fainted and his father started for the hospital.

While the boy was at the hospital an agent came in to see him. The boy did not know much about the accident and when the agent for the railroad asked the boy how much he was going to sue the company for he said nothing at all.

When the agent returned and told the president of the railroad about the unusual answer, the president made up his mind to go and see him at once.

When the president arrived at the hospital and asked the boy what damages he was going to sue for, he said "None at all." Then the president gave the boy a large sum of money and paid his hospital expenses and he was home.

When the boy was better he returned home and received also a sum of money from the person for whom he was working. The boy sent his mother to hospital, went to college, and his father remained at home.

In a few months his mother came back better than ever and he after graduation from college started a business and received enough money to support his father, mother and himself and put away a number of dollars a week in the bank.

JOWET CLAY, STENY MISS, Age 12.

Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed: School is out and vacation time has come.

It does not seem that school is out. I have lots of fun and I am happy.

My mother and I expect to go to New York about the first of July, going by auto.

We saw the aeroplane go over Thursday and it was a pretty sight. I will go in the fourth grade next year.

Our school is not very large. We are picking lots of strawberries now.

Every night we sit out on the porch. Thursday just before we came out on the porch a robin laid out of its nest. It laid by but a little, so I caught it and threw it back up in the tree.

We found two nests in the strawberry bed. One had five eggs in it, the other had four. I will tell you more about them.

HORTENSE PHILLIPS, Age 8, Lisbon.

A Rescue.

Dear Uncle Jed: Bob and Mary had been playing in the garden. Bob was a boy and Mary was a girl. They were playing in the garden, they were down to the pond with their dog Dick.

They found a raft near the shore and Dick followed and soon was on the raft with the children.

They were going along nicely when suddenly the raft bumped into a rock. Mary was thrown from the raft by the sudden jerk. But Bob had somehow managed to keep on.

Dick was overboard and soon brought Mary to the side of the raft, where Bob told her she was hurt. Dick was a good dog and had swam quite a lot of water.

Bob hurried the raft to shore and brought Mary home. After that everything was all right. Dick was a good dog and was told not to go near the water unless someone was with him.

MARGIE GAHAN, Age 10, Voluntown.

A Fortunate Tardiness.

Dear Uncle Jed: A poor little girl was once peddling oranges at the railway station of a small southern town. She had made very few sales during the day and was turning away, tired and discouraged, when a man in a motor car came hurrying along, and seeing the tempting fruit in the child's basket stopped and asked the price.

He took one and a dozen but did not have time to pay her, as the train was past leaving.

We can easily imagine the poor little peddler's dismay on seeing the huge motor car carrying off her fruit and her value. Her grief came from the fact that she and her mother were the only support of a widowed mother who was an invalid. The sale of these oranges would have meant a small fortune for her.

When her mother heard of it she gently said: "Do not worry, my child; Heaven's Father will help to bring this matter to a happy end. Let us trust all to Him."

Two weeks after her brother Harold came rushing in after selling his papers, shouting: "See this advertisement!"

On April 4, William H. H. of 21 Broadway, New York, when about to board the 2:15 p. m. train to Woodville, N. C., took six oranges without payment from the basket of a small girl selling fruit at the station. The owner of the basket will please communicate with the above named man as soon as possible.

It did not take long for the happy child to comply with Mr. Houson's wishes.

The result was that a few days later a letter arrived at the humble home commencing a check for five dollars, an immense sum to the girl's struggling family. Not only this, but Mr. Houson became interested in their welfare, procured some medical aid for the poor mother that she completely recovered her health. Besides, he furnished means of education to the two children and today Harold Wright occupies a position of trust in the office of his kind benefactor, while his sister and mother occupy a pleasant home, and all three are thankful.

MARY POLEY, Norwich.

Celebrating Arbor Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: Jamie stood looking on with great interest while his brothers tenderly lifted the young maple into the cart in which it was to make its journey from the woods to the school yard. Nailed at its root was a seedling maple about ten inches high.

"Oh! cried Jamie. "The dear little baby tree. Oh, please may I have it for my own?"

"I guess not," said good natured Bob, carefully pulling it out. "Perhaps it will grow, Jamie." He laid the baby tree in Jamie's arms.

Proudly the little fellow bore his precious burden almost home, then he suddenly remembered that mamma had complained of their being too many trees about the house.

"I will take it to Miss Mary," he said to himself, and soon afterward he appeared at that lady's door and informed her that he had a tree to plant in her yard.

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"It's going to be one in the maple tree."

"What maple tree?"

Jamie looked reproachfully at his father. "Hush, papa! It's under the umbrella—just asleep!"

HELEN JOHNSON, North Stonington.

The Graduation Exercises.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you of my graduation exercises. They were very nice and were carried out to perfection. The songs sung by the seventh and eighth grades were marvelous. All in the Shade of the Greenwood Tree, and A Mother's Love, were beautiful. A lullaby was sung by the graduates.

Piano and violin solos were played and many pieces were spoken.

The prayer was given by Rev. R. L. Roberts and the diploma presented by Barrill P. Bishop, chairman of the town school committee.

The program was completed by the singing of the national anthem.

The class colors were green and gold and the class motto was "I Can and I Will," which I think is very fine, and we should all try to live up to it.

MARY POLEY, Norwich.

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